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## The People's Press.

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### Poetry.

#### SUNDAY MORNING.

THOUGHTS DURING SERVICE.

Too early, of course! How provoking!  
I told Ma just how it would be.  
I might as well have on a wrapper.  
For there's not a soul here yet to see.  
There! 'Sue Delaplaine's new is empty.  
I declare if it isn't too bad!  
I know my suit cost more than hers did.  
And I wanted to see her look mad.  
I do think that sexton's too stupid—  
He's put some one else in our pew—  
And the girl's dress just kills mine completely.  
Now what am I going to do?  
The psalter, and Sue isn't here yet!  
I don't care, I think it's a sin.  
For people to get late to service.  
Just to make a great show coming in.  
Perhaps she is sick, and can't get here—  
She said she'd a headache last night—  
How mad she'll be after her fasting!  
I declare it would serve her just right.  
Oh, you've got here at last, my dear, have you?  
Well, I don't think you need be so proud  
Of that bonnet, if Violet did make it.  
It's horrid fast looking and loud.  
What a dress!—for a girl in her senses  
To go on the street in light blue!  
And those coat-sleeves—they were them last  
Summer—  
No doubt, though, that she thinks they're new.  
Mrs. Gray's polonaise was imported—  
So dreadful!—a minister's wife,  
And thinking so much about fashion!  
A pretty example of life!  
The altar's dress d sweetly—I wonder  
Who sent those white flowers for the font!  
Some girl who's gone on the assistant—  
Don't doubt it was Bessie Lamont.  
Just look at her now, little humming!  
So devout—I suppose she don't know  
That she's bending her head too far over  
And the ends of her switches all show.  
What a sight Mrs. Ward is this morning!  
That woman will kill me some day,  
With her horrible lilacs and crimson.  
Why will these old things dress so gay?  
And there's Jenny Wells with Fred Tracy—  
She's engaged to him now—horrid thing!  
Dear me! I'd keep on my gloves sometimes,  
If I did have a solitary ring!  
How can this girl turn to me at so—  
The way that she turns round and stares,  
And then makes remarks about people;  
She'd better be saying her prayers.  
Oh dear, what a dreadful long sermon!  
He must love to hear himself talk!  
And it's after twelve now—how provoking!  
I wanted to have a nice walk.  
Through at last. Well, it isn't so dreadful.  
After all, for we don't dine till one—  
Now can people say church is poky!  
So wicked!—I think it's real fun.

—Scribner's Magazine.

### Select Miscellany.

#### CORA'S DELUSION.

Cora Depeyster pined for a prince.  
Not a common prince, like the snuffly old  
Grueney far-collared and overcoat, eating garlic  
and drinking brandy three times daily, and  
growing at everything American in the most  
detestable English. Nothing of the kind.

She pined for a prince such as we read about  
in the fine old sentimental novels that amused  
our fathers and mothers in the days of their  
youth; a Thaddeus of Warsaw, all talent, and  
pallor, and tenderness, and musical voice, and  
fine, rolling eyes, and pedigree, and that sort of  
thing.

For my part I don't believe in such princes.  
The Prince of Wales isn't one of that species,  
and I'm afraid the breed has gone out with the  
fine old sentimental novels. Nothing else, how-  
ever, would suit Miss Cora Depeyster. Being  
not totally unlike other fair maidens of twenty  
or thereabouts, she desired to experiment upon  
the state matrimonial, and had plenty of opportu-  
nities, but common clay would not do. A  
prince she must have, or single she would re-  
main.

Now, a real good writer of sentimental sto-  
ries could create such a being especially for the  
emergency, and after the customary amount of  
tantalization through the medium of an obsti-  
nate parent or what not, marry off Miss Cora  
and her prince in the most satisfactory style.  
But I never was good at sentimental creation.  
I must write about people I know and see. I  
am sorry for the Coras. I have seen lots of  
them; but what sort of princes did they marry?  
One now pours tea for a sharp-nosed, red-headed  
life-insurance agent. Another is the spouse of  
a strapping farmer, who sits with his hat on  
and eats in his shirt-sleeves. Another wedded  
a subdued German who plays second clarinet  
in a cheap orchestra, and has to move monthly  
because he can't pay his rent. Still another—  
but the catalogue grows melancholy. Thus  
with all the Coras. They go on pining for  
princes who never come; marrying all sorts of  
people instead; and, dying, give way to a  
fresh race of Coras, who follow in their mam-  
ma's footsteps with a disregard of experience  
that savors of the sublime.

One of the sweetest of watering-places is  
Happy Valley. It is romantic and comfortable  
at once. There is delightful bathing, rowing,  
sailing and fishing in the lake itself, and the  
shady groves that line its shores are cool and  
green and mysterious, and suggestive of dryads  
and nymphs and fairies and things. That is, if  
you happen to be of a poetic turn of mind. If  
not, they only suggest flirtations.

I will not further expatiate upon the delights  
of Happy Valley, lest it should be fancied that  
I have lots for sale in the vicinity, whereas I  
have none anywhere—not even a burial lot;  
and that, I believe, is the common lot of all—  
Neither did Cora Depeyster have any real es-

tate to dispose of, but she thought just as I do,  
and passed much of the time every summer in  
the fair demesnes that lie smilingly adjacent to  
the Happy Valley Pavilion.

Notwithstanding the round of pleasures in  
which she every summer took a prominent  
part, she could not stifle her inward and con-  
tinuous yearning for the music of a princely  
voice, the glance of devotion from princely  
eyes, the touch of a princely hand in the dance,  
and the sweet envy of all maidens who had to  
go princeless through life. She sighed a great  
deal, and began to think the great world a hard  
cold, unromantic sort of an arrangement.

Of course, you and I know better. I never  
wrote a romance yet half so wonderful as the  
simplest life would make were it truly told.  
The only trouble is that the simplest life can-  
not be truly told. It seems easy, but you try it  
once.

Though there was no prince among the Pa-  
villion boarders, there was a poet. Arthur  
Bayne was there. It is barely possible that  
Cora might have fallen in love with him; there  
is something very fine and hyfalutin—pardon  
the expression—in a young lady's idea of a  
poet. But then Arthur Bayne was altogether  
different from her ideal. He knew the world  
too well to believe in its hollows. He had  
found it in fact a very hard, round and stub-  
born sort of thing. I notice that men who  
have really been shaken up a bit in the merry-  
go-round we call life, are not apt to preserve  
the outside show of sentimentalism to any  
great extent. We all start off, sometime or  
another, with our long hair, our turn-down col-  
lars, our sable suits, our brigand hats, and our  
little hidden sorrows; but when we have cut  
our eye-teeth, and learned something about  
other folks' troubles, we always come back to  
reason, to plaid neckties, to stove-pipe hats,  
and the barber.

Arthur was too matter of fact for Cora, and  
she was too sentimental for him from any hy-  
meneal point of view, yet they somehow became  
very excellent and intimate friends. One even-  
ing they sat on the shore of the little lake to-  
gether. Cora was gazing at the moon, of course.  
She had been telling Arthur what kind of a  
hero she had imagined for her heart history,  
and described the prince with his melting eyes  
and musical voice, his generous nature and  
magnificent air, his mild melancholy and inex-  
haustible affection, his irreproachable morals  
and aristocratic birth. Arthur listened with  
due gravity until she had finished.

"Why don't you take me?" he asked. "I  
am not very rich, but then poverty is romantic.  
I can't play the guitar, but I know a fellow  
who is splendid on the banjo. As for a fine,  
antique family, my father was Mr. Bayne, son  
of Old Bayne; I believe he never went to state  
prison."

"Now, Arthur, you are too bad! You make  
fun of everything."

"Well, to be serious, child, you'll never find  
your prince."

"Why not?"  
"Because they don't make 'em. Most men  
are tolerably human, and humanity is not per-  
fection. A man has no other small vices he is  
sure to chew tobacco, write poetry, or keep a  
dog. We are fair but frail, we men!"

"Ah, Mr. Bayne, what a world it is! I wish  
there might be some place where one might go  
and hide away and dream in peace."

"There is, and I am going there now. I re-  
fer to my bed."

The next morning the belles of Happy Val-  
ley were in a twitter. The late train the night  
before had brought a new young man, and  
young men were not a drug at the Pavilion.  
The new comer had taken the finest suite in the  
establishment, and a great pile of trunks with  
his initials stood in the vestibule, where they  
were jealously regarded by the other young  
men, heart-broken with the consciousness of  
possessing but a single trunk, and that, per-  
haps, a small one. When it became known  
that the unknown was really on the piazza,  
smoking a cigar, all sorts of diplomatic ma-  
nuovres were resorted to to get a fair sight at  
him on the part of the young ladies. Cora De-  
peyster announced it as a piece of brazen ill-  
breeding in others. As for herself, she only  
stood at her window, which commanded the  
piazza, and scrutinized him through her opera-  
glasses.

Montgomery Smythe—for such was the name  
which appeared on the register—in three days  
time found himself a favorite with the ladies.  
He was of the conventional type of magnifi-  
cence—the black-haired, black-eyed, red-cheeked  
style, with small feet, dyed moustache, and  
eye-glasses. In the matter of scars and neck-  
ties, with the jeweled pins thereto devoted, he  
was gorgeous. If a man has the least taint of  
vulgarity let him beware of his neck. Too  
much thoracic decoration ruins one.

A great change came over Cora. She was  
sad and gay by fits; irritable, changeable and  
incomprehensible. There was no use wasting  
time about it. She was in love. Her prince  
had come.

As the days wore on this regal person devel-  
oped. He gave suppers in his room to the  
young bloods, and organized picnic parties in  
the woods thereabout, which made the belles  
of the Pavilion quite miserable with happiness.  
To Cora's intense happiness he made her in  
some sort the central figure in these last charm-  
ing affairs, and held profound consultations  
with her concerning the details. They thus be-  
came associated in a certain degree before the  
public eye, and when rumor whispered an en-  
gagement Cora did little more, than blush and  
stammer a doubt that sounded ever so much  
like a confirmation.

She gave herself up to a sort of blind adora-  
tion of Montgomery Smythe. She made a  
prince of him first, and put all her trust in him  
afterwards. He told her of his ancient family  
of his late father, Judge Dowe, twice United  
States Senator, and son of Commodore Smythe,  
of the War of 1812. The Commodore's father,  
he said, was General Smythe, of Revolutionary  
fame, and brother to Governor Smythe, of one  
of the colonies under George III. He talked of  
the magnificent old country-seat his father had  
left him, with its picture-gallery full of the por-  
traits of the old worthies just mentioned and  
their wives; all uniforms and brocades and  
gold-braid and laces; of the long drawing-  
rooms, the grand dining-hall, the library, the  
grounds—all in true laronial style, till Cora,

rich and luxuriously reared as she was, began  
to look up to him as a being of an altogether  
different and higher sphere.

One day they took a walk in the Grove in  
the rear of the Pavilion. It was the closing up  
of the season, and the next day there was to be  
a general exodus of the Happy Valley boarders  
to their homes. Cora felt that the decisive mo-  
ment had arrived; and it had. The hitherto  
pent-up devotion of Montgomery Smythe found  
vent at last in a declaration and a proposition.  
He vowed his love in a perfectly princely style,  
and having been accepted with a good many  
tears and blushes, just as is the case in all well-  
written novels, he informed her that letters  
from his confidential agent in Europe compelled  
him to start immediately for Paris, and urged  
her to marry him at once without waiting to go  
through the form of asking the permission of  
her grandfathers or consulting her friends. Was  
he not Montgomery Smythe? and who could  
possibly object to such an alliance?

It is very possible that Cora might have con-  
sented, so infatuated was she with her prince,  
but she had read that the regular thing was to  
demand time for consideration; so she post-  
poned her decision, which really was already  
made, until evening.

As they reached the piazza, he lazily tapp-  
ing his boot with his bamboo, and she very tremu-  
lous and very happy, a thickset, pockmarked  
individual, with black, heavy whiskers and  
a glazed cap, came down the steps and, nodding  
to Smythe, said:

"I'd like to say a private word to you, young  
man."

Montgomery Smythe suddenly stopped tapp-  
ing his boot, and turning pale, looked sharply  
at the stranger. A slight vibration of that  
person's eyelid made him turn still paler, and  
without a word he walked several steps away  
from the Pavilion. The stout man then slowly  
drew a large pocket-book from his breast, and  
favored Smythe with a view of certain docu-  
ments therein contained, immediately after  
which he said aloud:

"You are my prisoner, sir, in the name of  
the law."

Cora felt like fainting, but her curiosity was  
more than a match for her weakness.

Smythe looked towards her, laughed a little,  
gasping laugh, and tried to say that this ridicu-  
lous mistake could be easily explained.

"Let this person explain it, then," said Cora,  
trembling all over.

"Why, you see, Miss," said the stout man,  
"I'm a detective officer, and I've been laying  
for this young gentleman some time. I have  
his photograph with me, Miss, if you'd like to  
see it."

And he produced a *carte de visite*, the very twin  
of the one Cora had but that moment stored  
away among her treasures.

"There ain't any mistake about him is there?"  
said the detective grimly.

"But for what—for what is he—is—is—he  
arrested?" faltered the poor girl.

"Why, Miss, you see, he left California sud-  
denly, with all the spare cash of the proprietor  
of the Pacific Hotel—thirty thousand dollars—  
and a matter of five thousand dollars more in  
jewelry, belonging to the boarders of the house."

"But Mr. Smith—"

"Smythe! that ain't his name, Miss. He's  
plain Bill Higgins, fancy barkeeper of the Pa-  
cific. I'm very sorry for you, Miss, I don't  
suppose you had any idea who you were with.  
Good morning."

She looked at Montgomery Smythe, but he did  
not raise his eyes nor open his mouth.  
Plainly, the detective had told the truth. She  
turned to the hotel. Happily, the whole affair  
had escaped notice.

Montgomery Smythe was already on the way  
to the depot, arm in arm with the stout man,  
and as they turned a bend in the road Cora took  
a last, sad, farewell look at her prince. The  
shock made her seriously ill, and when she re-  
covered the nonsense was pretty thoroughly  
washed out of her.

Arthur Bayne was not the man to triumph  
over the fall of any one. On the contrary, he  
was too generous, and when people began to  
make remarks about this unfortunate episode  
in Cora's existence he married her himself to  
shut their mouths.—G. W. Hunter.

#### The Phenomena of Sleep.

Dr. Egbert Guernsey in the June number of  
the *Medical Union*, thus discourses of sleep,  
from a physician's point of view:

"How is sleep induced, and what is the con-  
dition of the brain during this period of rest  
which occupies nearly one-third of our lives?"  
are questions not merely of curiosity, but of  
real practical use. Either the nervous mass as  
a whole is quiescent, undisturbed by currents  
of nervous energy, or currents are still kept up,  
but an even, unaltering pace. The latter con-  
clusion seems the most plausible, and is seldom  
allowed to fall into entire somnolence, but how-  
ever profound the slumber, the mind still seems  
to retain waking impressions, and is to a cer-  
tain extent under their influence even in sleep.

A person even very much fatigued, who has  
previously accustomed himself to that self-dis-  
cipline, will fall into a deep and sound slumber  
and yet wake up promptly at a time specified  
in his waking moments, notwithstanding he  
might have slumbered for hours had it not been  
for this act of his will. A gentleman, who, in  
the prosecution of his business is obliged to  
travel constantly, taking the train at all hours,  
and catching his sleep when and where he can  
get it, informs me that he never has any trou-  
ble, however much fatigued he may be in wak-  
ing at any specified time. Even without this  
strong exercise of the will power, the brain,  
however profoundly quiescent, is keenly alive  
to certain sounds, however obvious it may be  
to others. The physician hears the first tap of  
his night-bell, though he might sleep on undis-  
turbed while a band of music was playing in  
front of his window, or the roar of the thunder  
or the crash of artillery was making the win-  
dows rattle and the bed tremble beneath him.  
The mother starts from her deep slumber at  
the cry of her child, her ear quickly catch-  
ing, however profound may be her sleep, almost  
its altered breathing. It is said of a young  
man, a midshipman, wishing to commend him-  
self to the commander, spent eighteen hours o  
the twenty-four in watching and recording the  
signals, only retiring when utterly exhausted.

Then his slumber was so profound that the  
loudest noise would produce no impression, but  
simply whisper "signal" and in an instant he  
was on his feet, wide awake and ready for duty.  
We are familiar with a kind of waking sleep,  
in which a perfect stillness or some monoto-  
nous sound lulls into a kind of semi-uncon-  
sciousness. Any disturbing element may rouse  
up the currents of nerve force in full activity,  
but without their consciousness gradually dis-  
appears, according as the nerve currents are  
unwieldy in their degree, until sleep, more or  
less profound is produced.

"Facts such as we have stated are in favor  
of a certain low degree of nerve action as ex-  
isting under every variety of state, from the  
light sleep to the most profound. On this hy-  
pothesis, when all the currents of the brain are  
equally balanced and continue at the same  
pitch, when no one is commencing, increasing  
or abating consciousness or feeling is null and  
mind is quiescent. A disturbance of this state  
of things awakens up the consciousness for a  
time, the variety or stimulus in the waking state  
producing this perfect equilibrium from being  
disturbed."

"Sleep is a positive necessity. It is a period  
of recuperation, during which there is restora-  
tion of what has suffered collapse, waste or dis-  
turbance during the period of waking activity.  
The tired brain and the aching muscles regain  
by rest, strength and the power to obey the  
impulses of the will. The demand of the mat-  
terial form for rest are so great as often to defy  
the action of the mind. During the cholera  
summer of 1849, while practicing in the coun-  
try, so constant and fatiguing were my profes-  
sional labors that I have often ridden for miles  
on horseback sound asleep. Almost every phy-  
sician in active practice during periods of epi-  
demies, when his strength was taxed to the ut-  
most, has dropped into sleep, as I have done  
many times while walking in the street."

"During the battle of the Nile, many of the  
boys engaged in handling ammunition fell  
asleep even while the roar of the battle was  
going on around them. It is said in the retreat  
to Corunna whole battalions of infantry slept  
while rapid march. Even the most acute  
bodily suffering is not always sufficient to pre-  
vent sleep. The worn-out frame of the victim  
of the Inquisition has yielded to its influence in  
the pause of his tortures upon the rack, and for  
a moment he has forgotten his sufferings. The  
Indian burned at the stake in the interval be-  
tween the preliminary torture and the lighting  
of the fire, has sweetly slumbered, and been  
only aroused by the flame which was to con-  
sume him curling around him."

#### Stealing Children.

The Philadelphia kidnapping case excites  
great and absorbing interest in the breasts of  
all fathers and mothers who may be brought to  
suffer in a similar way. A most remarkable  
case of abduction of two children occurred  
about twenty years since in Oswego.

A man and his wife came over from Canada,  
and purchased a small dwelling on the out-  
skirts of the village, the man plying his trade  
which was that of a tailor, in a hired shop not  
far distant. The couple were childless, but the  
woman spoke to her neighbors of the prospect  
of having two children of her husband's brother,  
who had died in England, and would send  
the children to this country when a good chance  
offered. Accordingly the man shut up his shop  
suddenly one day, saying he had heard of the  
arrival of his brother's children in New York,  
and that he was going to fetch them. In due  
time he returned with the children, a boy of  
four and a girl of two years of age. The little  
girl was pretty and fair and was the favorite;  
the boy was inclined to play truant, and was  
kept closely at home. This propensity to leave  
home grew upon him, and one night at dark he  
called at a gentleman's house and begged pit-  
tiously that he would go home with him and  
make peace with his uncle for staying out so  
late.

When between seven and eight years of age  
he strayed to the depot, and secreting himself  
in a car was taken to Syracuse, where the great  
State Agricultural Fair was being held. He  
followed the crowd to the Fair grounds, and  
while running about with childish eagerness to  
view the strange sights, was accosted by a  
lady who asked him his name, his residence  
and every particular of his life, and last told  
him she was convinced he was her son, and  
that she should take him back to Oswego, and  
claim him of the man who pretended to be his  
uncle.

As soon as the lady demanded the child, the  
pretended uncle fled to Canada, and his fright-  
ened wife, being assured she should not be ar-  
rested if she gave a truthful account of the ab-  
duction, confessed her husband's crime. The  
man had gone over to Hoboken while in New  
York, and seeing the little girl neglected by  
her nurse, snatched her up and ran aboard a  
ferry boat just on the point of starting. He  
took her on a street car in New York went on  
board the Hudson river boat and proceeded to  
Albany. Going up State street he saw the boy,  
who at that early age had run away from home,  
and with promises of candy and fruit induced  
him to go with him to the cars of the Central  
railroad which were just going out. Thus he  
secured the children, which he easily palmed  
off as the orphans of his brother. The distract-  
ed parents who had lost their child three years  
before at Hoboken had given her up as lost, as  
there seemed no doubt that she had fallen into  
the water, and great search had been for her  
body. Their joy at finding their little girl  
again was unbounded. The parties are all  
now living. The mother of the boy, being a  
widow, and this her only son, had never given  
up the search. Knowing his propensity to  
stray, she naturally supposed he was safe some-  
where, and never tired in this great object of  
life, looking for her child. She always attended  
great gatherings of people, circuses, shows,  
fairs, &c., in the hope that she would find him,  
until at last a strange chance threw him into  
her hands.

Two deacons were once disputing about a  
proposed new graveyard, when one remark-  
ed: "I'll never be buried in that ground as  
long as I live, that's certain." "What an ob-  
stinate man!" said the other. "If my life is  
spared, I will."

#### About Salt Lake.

A correspondent of the *Baltimore American*  
writing from Salt Lake City, says:

"The city of Salt Lake is at the foot of the  
range of Wahsatch mountains, and extends  
somewhat on the upland plain. A long valley  
lies beyond, affording fine cultivation for those  
ambitions to extend their farms and gardens  
beyond the city suburbs. The mountains rise  
like the sides of a basin, containing in many  
places deep drifts of snow upon which the sun's  
rays have no visible effect. The most attrac-  
tive feature about the city is their method of  
irrigation. A mountain stream is turned from  
its natural course to form clear, beautiful  
brooks, flowing over pebbly beds on either side  
of the street, which are themselves over one  
hundred and thirty-three feet wide. The old  
houses are adobe, but many fine buildings are  
noticeable, and judging from the freshness of  
their appearance, the city must have greatly  
changed in the past few years. It is now laid  
out in wards, twenty in number, of eight  
squares each. Every ward has a 'bishop' pre-  
siding over it, subject to the chief of the coun-  
cil of bishops. This arrangement accounts for  
the entire absence of beggars. The Tabernacle  
stands on one of the principal streets; adjoin-  
ing it the foundation of the new temple, which  
if ever completed, will be very elegant. On  
the same street are the Lion House and Bee  
Hive—home-like, comfortable buildings—and  
the prominent houses of the president. Still  
further on is the family school house. A solid  
stone wall encloses all these buildings, leaving  
the stranger to wonder what such a life can be  
for not a sign of animation reveals its workings  
to the outer world. On the opposite side of  
the street Brigham Young is building a spaci-  
ous residence valued at one hundred thousand  
dollars. Houses of other wives are scattered  
about in the neighborhood, and the neat little  
cottage of Ann Eliza stands empty. They tell  
us there are eighteen ladies who answer to the  
name of Mrs. Young in Salt Lake, and others  
in the towns throughout the Territory. Mrs.  
Amelia Young is an adept in the very impor-  
tant nursing, and is also an educated lady, and  
this is a key to all that is mysterious about  
Mormon women; as a class they are not educa-  
ted, and they certainly do not belong to the or-  
der of fine ladies. They come from a laboring  
class of people, where labor means hard and  
continuous toil, with no time or thought to de-  
voted to the refinements of life. Some were  
peasant girls from European countries to whom  
higher wages out at service was the inducement  
offered. They do not look like happy  
women, and the natural inference is that they  
are not; but they zealously defend their mode  
of life because they consider it a part of their  
religion, and there is no bigotry so difficult to  
overcome as that founded upon religious con-  
victions."

#### Ethiopian Wit.

It is an old story, and perhaps some of my  
readers have heard the amendment. I heard  
Billy Morris enunciate it, and it afforded me a  
hearty laugh.

Old Sambo had a mind to sharpen the wits  
of his hopeful son and heir, and in furtherance  
of this praiseworthy object he propounded as  
follows:

"Julius Caesar, I want to ax you a ques-  
tion."

"Proceed, ancient."

"Now, look here, Julius—s'pose dar was six  
pigeons a sittin' on a rail fence, an' you should  
fir a gun at 'em, an' kill four of 'em, how  
many would be left?"

"Dar was six in de fust place?" said Caesar  
thoughtfully.

"Yah!"

"An' I fire?"

"A-yah!"

"And kill four of 'em?"

"Dat's it, my son. You kill four out'n the  
six—now how many would dar be left?"

Julius counted over his fingers and finally  
answered.

"Why, old man, dat's no question at all.  
Dar'd be two left, of course."

"No, Julius."

"But I say dar would."

"No, no, Julius."

"Dad, how you make dat out?"

"Julius," said the sire, with a look of extra-  
ordinary wisdom, "when you fire a big gun at  
six pigeons, a sittin' on a fence, a rail fence,  
and shoot four of 'em, wouldn't de odder two  
fly away mighty quick? So now—how many  
would be left?"

Julius Caesar for a time hung his head, and  
old Sambo was towering in the majesty of his  
intellectual superiority, when the hopeful son  
and heir suddenly brightened.

"Say, ole man, you tink you'r smart, don't  
ye?"

"I was only gib'n you a lesson, Julius."

"But you ain't quite so smart as you tink  
for. I say dar would be two left!"

"Julius Caesar! Do you 'sente your paternal?"

Don't you see dat dar couldn't be any ob 'em  
left when you had fired an' frightened 'em dat  
you didn't kill?"

"But, ole Sambo Jumble, jes' you look here.  
Dar was six pigeons a sittin' on de fence?"

"Yah!"

"An' I fire, and kill four of 'em?"

"'Nactly."

"Den I say dar would be two left."

"Julius, you is a simpleton. Don't you see  
what I tole you? Wouldn't dem odder two be  
frightened away mighty sudden?"

"Yes, fadder, and didn't dem two what fled  
away lef de rail fence?"

"Sambo—' Dinah, cubber dis fire, I'm gw'in  
to bed."

A country lass was driving a donkey to a  
fair in Renfrewshire one fine summer morning.  
The donkey was a laggard, and was more in-  
tention on cropping the roadside herbage than "go-  
ing to the fair;" but the girl did not put herself  
out. Pleasant thoughts of her sweetheart were  
passing through her mind, and she sang gaily  
to herself. An Irish laborer overtook her, and,  
as he passed, he said: "My darlint, you're as  
lively this mornin' as if you had been newly  
kissed." The happy girl at once answered,  
"If ye think, Pat, that a kiss makes one lively  
I wish you would kiss my donkey, for he's unco  
stiff this mornin'!"

#### Ludicrous Scene in a Pulpit.

A South German paper relates the following:  
In a Bavarian town of the most pronounced  
Catholic orthodoxy, the priest preached lately  
against the Old Catholics, and related such  
horrible things about them that his pious hear-  
ers were literally horror-stricken at Old Catho-  
lic impieties. At last the preacher cried out:

"The Old Catholics are so vile that they will  
all be cast into the pit, and if what I tell you  
is not true may the devil take me now on the  
spot!"

His excitement was terrible, and he so struck  
the cushion that the book fell from it.

Not far from the pulpit there sat an Ameri-  
can, who had a negro servant with him, to  
whom he beckoned to take the book up to the  
priest, who, perhaps, had never seen one of  
those sons of Ham in his life.

The negro at once obeyed, and as he mount-  
ed the lowest of the pulpit steps, the clergyman  
repeated his wish that the devil might come  
and take him if what he had said against the  
Old Catholics was not true.

Although the negro went softly, the preacher  
heard his footsteps, and, turning around, saw a  
black object solemnly, steadily and surely ap-  
proaching him. He looked at him with terror,  
and believing that he would be the next instant  
collared by his Satanic Majesty, he cried out  
with trembling voice:

"It is, after all, possible that there may be  
good people among Old Catholics."



# The People's Press.

SALEM, N. C.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 1, 1874.

## JOB PRINTING.

We call the attention of all classes who wish printing executed neatly, expeditiously, and upon reasonable terms, to the facilities offered at the People's Press Printing Establishment. We can furnish, at short notice, BLANKS, BILL-HEADS, LETTER-HEADS, CARDS, PROGRAMMES, HANDBILLS, PAMPHLETS, CATALOGUES, POSTERS, NOTES, CHECKS, DRAFTS, &c., &c.

TOWN AFFAIRS.—At a late meeting of our city fathers, it was resolved that all persons constructing or repairing buildings, where it becomes necessary to wholly or partially obstruct sidewalks with scaffolding or other material, the owner of such property be required to furnish sufficient light at night for the protection of persons passing, under penalty of one dollar for each night such obstruction remains in the dark.

Section 14 of the town ordinance shall be amended so that five days notice, at three or more public places, shall be given of each hog impounded and advertised for sale.

Descriptive list of hog or hogs sold, with name of purchaser to be filed with the Mayor.

North Carolina Agricultural Fairs.—We print the times and places for the holding of our State industrial exhibitions, as follows:

North Carolina Agricultural Society, Raleigh, October 10th to 17th.

Ramoth and River Agricultural Society, Weldon, October 20th to 23rd.

W. N. C. Agricultural and Mechanics Fair Association, Salisbury, October 27th to 31st.

Fair of the Carolinas, Charlotte, November 3, 4, 5, 6, and 7th.

Border Agricultural Fair, Danville, Va., 4th of November.

The Cumberland County Agricultural Society at Fayetteville, 10th to 15th of November.

There are two or three others, which will be ascertained in a few days and the whole list reprinted, says the Wilmington Star.

NEW YORK CONVENTIONS.—The Republican Convention met at Utica on the 23d ult., and unanimously renominated Dix for Governor, and Robinson for Lieutenant Governor and Alexander Burley for Canal Commissioner.

The New York Democrats have nominated Samuel J. Tilden for Governor and Dr. Dorsheimer, a Liberal Republican, for Lieut Governor. Sanford E. Church, Chief Judge of the State, declined to be a candidate.

THE THIRD TERM.—Both the New York Tribune and the Herald concur in the opinion that this question "rises above all other questions, and dwarfs them all." They both appear to be nervous on the subject, and declare that "nothing can prevent the realization of this third-term question but the will of the Northern people." We are glad to see that the South is left out entirely—not asked nor desired to take any part in the grave matter. This is just as we would have it. We prefer to leave the remedy to those who created the evil. We rest in peace and await their action.

The Herald expatiates at great length on the enormous patronage of the Presidency, and the danger of the "unwritten law" being effaced, unless the whole people rise en masse against the Caesarian pretension. If the people fail to act, nothing will be left but an appeal to Gen. Grant's magnanimity; and the Herald ingeniously concludes that it will prove brittle stuff—General Grant never having yet refused anything that was offered so freely.

The Tribune is less diffuse, but not less to the point, on the action or non-action of the Utica Convention. It says:

There is one idea to be gathered from the resolutions of the Utica Convention—and there is only one.

That idea, we need hardly say, is the re-election of President Grant. It is a secret project no longer. It could not have been much more plainly avowed if it had been stated in a formal resolution, as it was by the kindred convention of officeholders in South Carolina.—The duty of disapproving the third-term movement has been put to this Convention in the most direct manner, not merely by the intangibility of public opinion, but by the action of political bodies and the example of Republicans in other States. The Convention has not merely refused to condemn—it has done its utmost to approve. There is no misunderstanding its meaning, and there can be no doubt of the influences by which such a discreditable result has been brought about.

Nobody will suspect General Dix of complicity in this plot, but he is placed in an unpleasant position. If the Republican ticket should be elected, with the platform standing as it is in all its naked ugliness, it would be at once recognized that the third-term movement had gained an enormous advantage, and the country cannot afford to run such risks. The best friends of Governor Dix may consequently doubt the propriety of voting for him on such a platform without some authoritative disclaimer on his part of any sympathy with the third-term intrigue, and a prompt denunciation of the dangerous and unconstitutional movement. Certainly the triumph of the whole ticket, and the acceptance of the Utica resolutions with all their corollaries and without any supplementary declarations, would fill all thoughtful patriots with uneasiness.—Whig.

LET US HAVE A NATIONAL CONVENTION OF PEACE AND RECONSTRUCTION.—Let us consider whether we do not owe the South something more than empty phrases in the interest of peace. Let us give its people some earnest, fraternal, generous aid in the work of reconstruction.—The Union can never be built upon the ruin of a group of commonwealths. We see nothing but ruin to the Southern commonwealths now, and no way to get out of it except what may be prompted by the wisdom of a national convention, which should be summoned without delay.

The above is from the New York Herald.—We are in favor of "making things slowly" in this case. We have not forgotten the result of a Peace Convention heretofore. There is no need for that now.

The Northern papers are full of the Louisiana troubles, the Tennessee murders, &c. Of course all these unfortunate occurrences are with them the incipient stages of a new rebellion. Everything happening down South is so distorted that the public feeling North is aroused and inflamed so that the true state of the South never enters into their views. They do not know what it is to be oppressed by thieves and carpet-baggers until forbearance has almost ceased to be a virtue, and encouraged by those of whom we were led to expect better things.

All the South wants is a fair and impartial trial at the ballot box, without undue interference by Federal authorities. Are the Republicans afraid to grant the people this right to peacefully settle their internal difficulties?

The New York Observer says: Mr. Theodore Tilton has published a review of Mr. Beecher's statement, and of the report of Mr. Beecher's Committee of Investigation. Mr. Tilton's paper has produced a more profound and painful impression than any of the documents hitherto published on the subject. Some of the calmest papers that had regarded the Committee's report as abundantly sufficient to vindicate Mr. Beecher, now change their opinions. The New York Tribune says: "It leaves the Committee in a very unpleasant predicament, and terribly impairs the value of their sweeping and emphatic verdict." And the New York Evening Post says:

"We are convinced that every step in the promulgation of this wretched scandal—and especially this enormous document—proves that it is impossible for the public to satisfy itself of the truth from the *ex parte* statements which have been multiplying so rapidly; and that a suspension of judgment is the utmost that the partisans of either Mr. Beecher on the one side, or Mr. Tilton on the other, can ask, until the case is tried in the courts. We say this with deep reluctance, for we once had an earnest hope that we might abide with confidence by the conclusions of the committee. It was in that hope that we gave their report in full to our readers. A careful and critical reading of the report, however, leads us to doubt whether the report is not to be classed like every other statement in the case, as a partisan document. One thing alone is clear—that it is through the courts, and only through the courts, that an end can be put to the business."

THE STORM MONDAY NIGHT.—The equinoctial storm Monday last, seems to have been general, and very severe in many localities.—On the coast of this State the crops suffered severely,—in fact, as far as heard from, the rice and other crops on the whole Southern coast were damaged to a great extent.

In Wilmington, we learn from the Journal, fences, large trees, and outhouses were prostrated.

At Savannah, Georgia, the river was higher than it has been for twenty years. The rice plantations in that vicinity were overflowed, and much damage done to the crop. The estimated loss in rice is one hundred thousand dollars.

EDGEFIELD, S. C.—The recent demonstrations of the negro militia, threatening violence to the white population in Edgefield District, are ended. A letter from J. S. Addison, the lieutenant of the town of Edgefield, states that Edward Tenant, the captain of the militia company, has delivered up his arms to Lieutenant Leahy, commanding the detachment of United States troops. The negroes have returned to their homes.

Gov. Moses, of S. C., appealed to Washington for aid in Edgefield, to enforce his orders. The President replies as follows: "I expect and believe the company of U. S. troops now in Edgefield are sufficient."

FLIGHT.—London dates of the 28th ult., represent a frightful storm as having passed over Hong Kong, China, on the 27th ult.

The steamers Leander and Albany and eight other vessels were wrecked or foundered, and many are missing. A great number of houses were destroyed, and it is reported that a thousand persons were killed. The damage to property in the city and harbor and the surrounding country is immense.

COMPLIMENTARY.—We are under obligations to Wm. Alderman, Secretary, for a complimentary ticket to the twelfth annual Fair of the Cumberland County Agricultural Society, to be held in Fayetteville, from November 10th to the 13th, inclusive.

Gen. J. M. Leach will deliver the address on the occasion.

LOUISIANA.—The State Central Committee of the People's party, had a meeting the other evening. Resolutions were finally adopted to go into the November election with spirit and energy. The propriety of not voting was discussed but the majority against this resolution was overwhelming.

We clip the following from recent telegrams, to show that our Northern friends are apt to take matters into their own hands when the "nigger" meddles with their social affairs:

WILKESBAIRE, PA., Sept. 28.—Noon.—Last night, about twelve o'clock, four negroes, named Henry Thomas, James Welcome, Thomas Irwin and George Bazine, set upon James English, a white man, on Hager street, and after knocking him down, cut his throat, partially severing the wind pipe. Thomas is said to be the man who did the cutting. He was arrested soon afterwards at his house where he had secreted himself under a lounge. After his arrest a crowd of some two hundred whites surrounded the officials, and with rope in hand and cries of "lynch him," tried to take him away from their custody. Only a strong force of police, with drawn revolvers, were able to keep them at bay. English is still living, but is in a precarious condition.

BARNUM'S MARRIAGE.—In the interval that followed the taking of the recess of the Universalist Convention this morning, it was announced that Mr. Barnum, of New York, was going to be united in the bonds of matrimony with Miss Nancy Fish, of Southampton, Lancashire, England. In a few minutes the couple made their appearance and walked up the aisle to the communion table, the organ in the meantime playing the "Wedding March." The bride was dressed in a slate-colored dress; and wore a black velvet hat with blue feather.—From her ears depended diamond earrings. The bridegroom was dressed in a black dress suit. The two were the only ones who wore Dr. E. H. Chapin, and at the conclusion of the services left the church in a carriage. The bride is twenty-six years of age, and is Mr. Barnum's second wife, his first having been buried a year ago, the bridegroom being about sixty-seven years of age.—New York Commercial, 17th.

THE NEGRO REPUBLICANS FIGHTING AMONG THEMSELVES IN ALABAMA.—MONTGOMERY, Sept. 28.—Noon.—One faction of the Republican party held a meeting at Wilson's Station. The other faction tried to break up the meeting. While G. W. Cox, a negro, was speaking, cries of pull him down arose, and a rush was made for the stand. Several pistol shots were fired, and one of the assaulting party, a negro, fell dead. They then tried to lynch Cox, but one Wilson, a white man, got him in his store and bolted the door. After strong persuasion the mob let the law take its course, Cox was then taken to jail.

LOUISIANA.—Gen. Fields, Attorney-General of Louisiana, now in Washington, has telegraphed to his assistant, Judge Dibble, to proceed promptly and vigorously against persons who have violated the laws. This includes all who participated in the late struggle against Kellogg.

GOVERNMENT AWARD.—The Plympton Manufacturing Company, of Hartford, has been awarded the contract for supplying the Post-office Department with stamped envelopes and newspaper wrappers for four years, from October 1st.

The circus coming so near Fair time, Hickory Fair has been indefinitely postponed.

Gov. Vance on "The Scattered Nations" in Charlotte on the evening of the 2d of October.

LOUISIANA.—The N. Y. Herald of the 28th ult., says:

The McEnery party in Louisiana captured but could not keep the State, but it seems to have been long enough in power to obtain from the archives some important documents. These are said to compromise Governor Kellogg and several United States Senators.

COTTON MANUFACTURES.—The cotton manufacturers North have agreed to a reduction of one-third in the production of cotton fabrics for the next three months. Cause, prices too low.

OLIVER OPTIC'S MAGAZINE for October, as usual, presents a rich and varied chapter of contents. Oliver Optic, its popular editor, leads off with three chapters of one of his best stories, "The Dorcas Club, or our Girls Abroad," in which the Undine Club, The New Professor of Rowing, and The Solitary Oarsman are the prominent characters. Virginia F. Townsend follows with two chapters of "That Queer Girl," which thus far has proved to be one of the gems of the magazine. Elijah Kellogg, in his serial "Sowed by the Wind, or The Poor Boy's Fortune," takes us among the mountains, with something to say of Indians and Quakers, with a good bear story and a fine description of a frontier house thrown in. These are the regular serials, handsomely illustrated by Miss L. B. Humphrey and W. L. Shepard. Mrs. Urbino in her Homespun Club, is pleasing and instructive as usual. For shorter articles The Funeral of the Conqueror, by Rortha; How Two Noble Boys became Two Noted Men, by Ethel C. Gale; Westminster Abbey, with a full page illustration; On the War Path, illustrated; and The Youth of Becket, are among the best. The poems are Truck Horse Charley, by G. H. Barnes. Pete Weet, by Geo. L. Burleigh. Stolen Pitchers, by Julia P. Ballard. The Nauticus, by Arthur Wm. Austin. Thanksgiving, by Elizabeth W. Davis, and The Wolves and the Sick Ass, from Esop. In addition there is an Original Dialogue and the Orator, both of great aid to scholars in choosing exercises for declamation; while Pigeon Hole Papers, Hard Work, and The Letter Bag will please the young readers. There are four full-page illustrations. It is really a splendid number and cannot be surpassed for variety, quantity and handsome appearance. Lee & Shepard, Publishers, Boston, at \$3 per year.

THE ELECTRIC for October contains an admirable portrait of President Noah Porter, of Yale College, which the publisher announces as the first of a series intended to include portraits of the most prominent educators and college professors throughout the country. A brief editorial sketch of President Porter's life accompanies the portrait.

The literary contents are various and entertaining, as the following list of articles will show: Motley's John of Barneveldt; Diplomacy in the Sixteenth Century; The Island of St. Thomas; Ben Johnson; Star-Gazing; Herschel's Two Methods, by Richard Proctor; The Year of the Rose, by Swinburne; Victor Hugo's Romances, by Leslie Stephen; Foundling Hospitals in Italy; The Grouping of Plants; Far from the Madding Crowd, by Thomas Hardy; Chapters XXXV to XXXVIII; Modern Society; A Reply to Mr. Wallace; Homer's Place in History and in Egyptian Chronology; Melancholia; The Depths of the Sea; Khiva in 1873; A Word about the Weather; Notices of the Dead; President Noah Porter.

The Editorial, Literary, Scientific, and Miscellaneous notes are, as usual, fresh and interesting.

Published by T. R. Pelton, 108 Fulton Street, New York. Terms, \$5 a year; two copies, \$9. Single number, 45 cents.

THE SCIENCE OF HEALTH for October opens with an important article on the Causes of Infant Mortality in Cities; and contains also, The Mysteries of Druggists; Hydrophobism; Medicines; Our American Girls; Popular Physiology, with illustrations; Ventilation; A Dyspeptic Appetite; Graham Flour against Fine Flour; How to Keep Fruits Fresh, with practical directions; The Food Question; Rest and Sleep; Life Under Ground; The Candy Curse; The Doctors on Alcohol; with the information contained in the Talks with Correspondents and Voices from the People, making up an excellent number of this useful and popular magazine. Only 20 cents, or \$2.00 a year. The publisher announces a "Trial Trip" of three months, including the present number, for 25 cents. Address S. R. Wells, Publisher, 389 Broadway, New York.

A patron of a certain newspaper once said to the publisher: "Mr. Printer, how is it you have never called on me for pay for your paper?" "Oh," said the man of types, "we never ask a gentleman for money." "Indeed," replied the patron; "how do you manage to get along, if they don't pay you?" "Why," said the editor, "after a certain time we conclude that he is not a gentleman, and we ask him."

"Oh—yes—I see. Mr. Editor, please give me a receipt," and hands him a V. "Make my name all right on your books."

GRASSHOPPERS.—Grasshoppers and other insects are unusually numerous this fall all over the Southern country. In this section, uplands and lowlands abound with them. The Yadkin river bottoms seem to be peculiarly troubled with the insects.

Rev. J. D. Huffman has been chosen associate editor of the Biblical Recorder. Mr. Huffman was editor of the Recorder for several years, some time since.

CAPTURED.—A large lot of tobacco was recently seized by revenue officers in Newbern, for want of proper stamps.

BROUGHT BACK.—Messrs. Steele and Hoston returned from Indianapolis last Monday night, having in charge Hannah Cox, the unfortunate girl charged with infanticide, an account of which appeared in this paper a couple weeks ago. She was free in her statements to the officers who had charge of her, but they for sufficient reasons, no doubt, are reticent. She steadfastly denies, we understand, any complicity in the death of the child. It seems she was anxious to return after her departure, endeavoring to dispose of her ticket at Danville and at Washington to procure money with which to pay her way back, and gladly accompanied the officers who went for her.

She was taken to Graham, where she will be held until further proceedings.—Greensboro Patriot.

CONVENTIONS.—The Baptists of North Carolina will hold a Sunday School Convention in Raleigh on the 30th of October.

The Dentists of this State will meet in Convention in Raleigh during Fair week in October to discuss matters pertaining to their profession—the more recent achievements in Dentistry.—Raleigh Sentinel.

HOMICIDE.—Last Saturday evening Joseph Branch shot and killed Geo. W. Daniels at Heathsville, in Halifax county. The parties had been drinking together, and were quarreling and threatened about a dog.—Daniel having a pistol. Branch procured one and shot him.—says the News.

Charlotte has organized at Cotton Factory.

## STATE ITEMS.

### Death of an Aged Man.

We are called upon to announce the death of Samuel Gales, colored, at his place of abode, near this city, on Monday, the 14th ult., he having been attacked with some of the symptoms of apoplexy, and died at the age of about eighty-five years. The subject of this notice is deserving of something more than a mere announcement that "he is dead;" he was one of the very few old men of our city—he was, perhaps, with one exception, the oldest man. To the writer we were known well and intimately for forty years, and during that long period no act of his life could be pointed to as not having for its aim the good of his fellows and the glory of his Divine Master, whose humble follower he was. He was the oldest pressman, perhaps, in the South, having worked at that occupation on the Raleigh Register, for his master, Joseph Gales, Sr., the grandfather of our townsman, Maj. Seaton Gales. Sam remained pressman in the office of the Register for many years—he was there during the apprenticeship of Francis Ashbury Lunsford, whose name is well known in connection with the New Orleans Picayune, and after, it seemed a pleasure for Sam to sit down with the boys of the office gathered about him, and tell them the history of "all the boys who had learned trades of old Sam," and to give them good counsel for their future guidance.

He was a remarkable man, physically, and as a walk, twenty years ago he could have led the great Western both in distance and time. He was known well and intimately for forty years, and during that long period no act of his life could be pointed to as not having for its aim the good of his fellows and the glory of his Divine Master, whose humble follower he was. He was the oldest pressman, perhaps, in the South, having worked at that occupation on the Raleigh Register, for his master, Joseph Gales, Sr., the grandfather of our townsman, Maj. Seaton Gales. Sam remained pressman in the office of the Register for many years—he was there during the apprenticeship of Francis Ashbury Lunsford, whose name is well known in connection with the New Orleans Picayune, and after, it seemed a pleasure for Sam to sit down with the boys of the office gathered about him, and tell them the history of "all the boys who had learned trades of old Sam," and to give them good counsel for their future guidance.

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## LOCAL ITEMS.

### Post Office Directory.

Salem, N. C., Post Office Arrangement.—Office hours from 7 a. m. to 6 p. m. during the week, and on Sunday from 7 a. m. to 8 a. m.

**TIME OF ARRIVAL AND CLOSING THE MAILS.**

Railroad, from Greensboro to Salem, closes every day, except Sundays, at 8 a. m.; due every day, except Monday, by 3:30 a. m.

Mount Zion mail, via Old Town, Bethania, Little Yadkin, Tom's Creek and Flat Shoals: closes Monday, Wednesday and Friday, at 8 a. m.; due Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, by 12:30 p. m.

Madison mail, via Selge Garden, Germantown and Walnut Cove, due Monday, Wednesday and Friday, by 3 p. m.; closes Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, at 8 a. m.

Jerusalem mail, via Friedberg, Miller's Mill, Ella ville and Fulton: closes every Friday at 7 a. m., due every Saturday, by 7 p. m.

Jonesville mail, via Mt. Tabor, Vienna, Red Plains and East Bend: due every Friday, by 7 p. m.; closes every Saturday, at 8 a. m.

Walmarton mail, via Salem Chapel, White Road, Belov's Creek Mills and Blakely: closes every Friday, at 4 p. m.; due every Saturday, by 7 p. m.

Father Creek mail, via Lewisville: closes every Saturday, at 7 a. m.; due, by 8 p. m.

H. W. SHORE, P. M.

**Dried Blackberries,** 9 cents per pound.  
**Dried Cherries,** 20 to 25 cents " "  
**Dried Apples,** 4 to 10 cents " "  
**Dried Peaches** Pealed 12 to 22 cents " "  
**Dried Peaches** (4) Unpealed 6 cents " "

**DUNKER'S MEETING.**—The religious demonstration of the United Brethren in Christ, commonly known as Dunkers, held their yearly meeting at the appointed time and place, on Rev. Jacob Faw's premises, in this county. A large number of persons were present on Sunday, and the services were conducted in the usual solemn and impressive manner, peculiar to this highly respectable denomination of Christians.

**LARGE BEET.**—Mr. P. Rank, of this place, exhibited to us a beet of his own raising, weighing six pounds and two ounces. Who's next?

**RAIN.**—It commenced raining on Sunday night and continued without intermission until Tuesday morning, causing a destructive freshet in the waters round about here.

**HORSE STOLEN.**—We learn that Mr. Cornelius, residing near Farmington, Davie county, had his horse stolen on Thursday night of last week.

**THE MAST** is represented as heavy in the mountains.

In noticing the moving operations in our midst last week, we neglected to locate Mr. E. L. Hege, who has purchased the tract of land known as the "Cooper plantation," near Hall's Ferry on the Yadkin river, within a few miles of the village of Clemmons, where he intends to devote himself to Agricultural pursuits. We wish him all success in his future enterprise.

**SUNDAY.**—On Sunday last, Rev. Mr. Vass, of the Presbyterian Church at Newborn, delivered an able sermon in the Moravian Church, in this place, to a large audience. And at night, Rev. Mr. Payne, of Wilmington, of the same denomination, preached to a large congregation. Both gentlemen are fluent and pleasant speakers, and made a favorable impression. The several churches in Winston were also supplied with the gospel by members of the Orange Presbytery.

Services were also held, morning and night, in the colored people's church in this place. The meetings were conducted by members of the Presbytery.

Since the above the following communication was handed in:

**Orange Presbytery.**

The 20th session of this venerable body began in Winston, on Wednesday the 23rd ult., and closed on Saturday afternoon about sun down.

The meeting was opened by a sermon from Rev. D. T. Penick, of Mechanicsville, Moderator of the last session; and Rev. Jacob Doll, of Yadkinville, was chosen Moderator, and Revs. D. E. Jordan, of Oxford, and L. C. Vass, of Newborn, Clerks. The attendance of ministers and elders was as full as usual, and the business of the body was despatched in harmony and without any exciting debates; and during the week there was preaching on several occasions in the Presbyterian Church, the services being aided by the choir.

A Sabbath School Convention connected with this Presbytery met on Tuesday night the 22nd ult., and adjourned Wednesday afternoon. It was opened by an appropriate address by Rev. J. C. Alexander, of Guilford county, and at 4 P. M., Maj. Robert Bingham, of the Bingham School, Mechanicsville, delivered a lecture to the children, and was heard with great delight and profit by a large audience of all ages from Salem and Winston, and by his exceedingly interesting discourse added to his already high reputation.

Orange Presbytery, the second organized in the United States, south of the Potomac, is now in its 105th year, full of vigor and hopefulness; its ministers are laborious and well trained, and on Sabbath, morning and night, they preached with acceptance in all the churches of Salem and Winston. The weather was very fine, the good people of the community generous in their hospitality, and the brethren dispersed much pleased with their temporary sojourn here, and leaving behind them a high opinion of their christian character, learning, and devotion to the Master's work.

Spring sessions of Presbytery to meet at Tabor, in April next.

We learn there are five Presbyteries in the State, the Orange Presbytery being the oldest, having 25 ministers, and some 35 organized congregations. All Presbyteries meet twice a year, and the Synod of North Carolina once a year in the month of October.

**OCTOBER** is from the Latin *octo*, eight. With the Saxons it was styled *Winterfylde*—Winter beginning.

The principal Saints' days of this month are those of St. Denis, who, according to the legend, walked two miles with his head in his hand, after it had been cut off, and of St. Crispin, the patron of the shoe-making fraternity.

The following playful rhyme is old but good:

"The sun of Summer is cast at last,  
 And carried to Wint'ry season,  
 And the frightened leaves are leaving us fast,  
 If they stayed it would be high treason.  
 The sheep exposed to the rain and drift,  
 Are left to all sorts of wethers,  
 And the ragged young birds must make a shift,  
 Until they can get new feathers."

Although somewhat cooler than September in this latitude, there are many splendid days for out-door amusements.

The lawn is yet green and fresh, and the fall flowers are in full bloom, making the garden gay with a variety of colors.

Chestnuts, Hickory-nuts, Hazel-nuts, and Walnuts are maturing, and the boys and girls are off for the forest.

Now is the time for gathering grasses for winter decoration, and hundreds of varieties can be found in our meadows. There is nothing prettier than a basket of these beautiful mementoes of summer, save though they be.

A right royal month is October, and we quote the following well-known passage from Irving's "Legend of Sleepy Hollow," as in every way appropriate:

"It was, as I have said, a fine autumnal day, the sky was clear and serene, and nature wore that rich and golden livery which we always associate with the idea of abundance. The forest had put on their sober brown and yellow, while some trees of the tenderer kind had been nipped by the frosts into brilliant dyes of orange, purple and scarlet. Streaming files of wild ducks began to make their appearance high in the air; the bark of the squirrel might be heard from the groves of beech and hickory nuts, and the pensive whistle of the quail at intervals from the neighboring stubble-field."

"The small birds were taking their farewell banquet. In the fullness of their revelry, they fluttered, chirping and frolicking, from bush to bush, and tree to tree, capricious from the very profusion and variety around them. There was the honest cock robin, the favorite game of strutting sportsmen, with its loud querulous notes; and the twittering blackbirds flying in sable clouds; and the golden winged woodpecker, with his crimson crest, his broad black gorget, and splendid plumage; and the cedar-bird, with its red-tipped wings and yellow-tipped tail, and its little snoring cap of feathers; and the blue jay, that noisy coxcomb, in his gay light-blue coat and white under-clothes, screaming and chattering, nodding and bobbing and pretending to be on good terms with every songer of the grove."

"As I chanced to jog slowly on his way, his eye, ever open to every symptom of culinary abundance, ranged with delight over the treasures of jolly autumn. On all sides he beheld vast stores of apples; some hanging in oppressive opulence on the trees, some gathered into baskets and barrels ready for the market; others heaped up in rich piles for the cider-press. Farther on he beheld great fields of Indian corn, with its golden ears peeping from their leafy covert, and bidding on the promise of cakes and hot apple-sauce; and the yellow pumpkins lying beneath them, turning up their fair round bellies to the sun, and giving ample prospects of the most luxurious of pies; and anon he passed the fragrant buckwheat fields, beehiving the odor of the beehive, and as he beehived, soft anticipations stole over his mind of dainty slugsacks, well buttered, and garnished with honey or treacle, by the delicate little dimpled hand of Katrina Van Tassel."

**Thistle Edition Waverley Novels.**  
 Sold only by subscription. Two Volumes per month. Apply to L. V. & E. T. Blum Agents, Salem, N. C.

## FOR SALE!

1 EXCELLENT TWO-HORSE WAGON AND HARNESS.  
 2 GOOD HORSES, are offered for sale cheap for cash by  
 C. J. WATKINS. 39-2t.

September 3, 1874.

IN THE MATTER OF Bankrupts.

AN adjourned meeting of the Creditors of said Bankrupts will be held in Salem, N. C., on the 1st of October, 1874, before Thomas B. Kew, Clerk of said Bankruptcy for the purposes named in the 25th Section of the Bankrupt Act of March 2nd, 1867.

H. W. FRILES, Assignee.

September 15th, 1874.

## NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

## ANOTHER CHANCE!

## FIFTH AND LAST CONCERT

IN AID OF THE

PUBLIC LIBRARY OF KENTUCKY.

POSTPONED TO

November 30th, 1874.

DRAWING CERTAIN AT THAT DATE!

## LIST OF GIFTS.

ONE GRAND CASH GIFT	\$250.00
ONE GRAND CASH GIFT	100.00
ONE GRAND CASH GIFT	75.00
ONE GRAND CASH GIFT	50.00
ONE GRAND CASH GIFT	25.00
5 CASH GIFTS	\$25.00 each
10 CASH GIFTS	10.00 each
15 CASH GIFTS	10.00 each
20 CASH GIFTS	5.00 each
25 CASH GIFTS	4.00 each
30 CASH GIFTS	3.00 each
50 CASH GIFTS	2.00 each
100 CASH GIFTS	1.00 each
500 CASH GIFTS	50 cts each
19,000 CASH GIFTS	50 cts each
Grand Total 20,000 Gifts, all Cash.	\$250,000

## PRICE OF TICKETS.

Whole Tickets	\$ 50.00
Halves	25.00
Tenths, or each Coupon	5.00
11 Whole Tickets for	500.00
22 1/2 Tickets for	1,000.00

For Tickets and information, address

THOS. E. BRALLETT,

Agent and Manager,

Public Library Building, Louisville, Ky.

## WATER WHEEL

The best in the market, and sold at a low price.

Send for pamphlet.

N. F. BURMAN, N. Y.

## BETHEL ACADEMY,

the largest male boarding school in Va., prepares youth for business or clerical life. Under the instruction of a corps of learned and experienced teachers, it is endorsed; affords facilities for learning Practical Surveying, Book-keeping and Telegraphy, and an introductory course of Law. Its students are offered Prize Scholarships in the Univ. of Va., the Washington and Lee Univ., and the Va. Mil. Institute.

**\$87.50 for Board and Tuition** for half session of 20 weeks. No Extra. For Catalogue, etc., address Principals, Bethel Academy P. O., Fauquier Co., Va.

## START IN LIFE!

BRYANT, STRATTON & SADLER

**BUSINESS COLLEGE**

No Vacation—Enter any Time.

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Patrons and Terms, address

W. H. SADLER, Prest., Baltimore.

## WASHINGTON UNIVERSITY

SCHOOL OF MEDICINE.

BALTIMORE, MD.

The next Annual Session will begin October 1st, 1874, and end February 28th, 1875.—The Hospital and General and Special Dispensaries furnish ample material for Clinical Instruction. For Catalogue, with information as to Fees, etc., send for Catalogue, post of living, etc., address J. E. LINDSAY, M. D. Dean.

## SNELL, SPARE & CO.,

MANUFACTURERS OF

Side and End-Spring No Top Buggies,

Top-Buggies, Turn-out-Seat Buggies,

Phaetons, Two-Seat Wagons, Cabriolets,

Barouches, Rockaways, &c. &c.

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

Send for Catalogue and Price List.

## OPIMUM!

MORPHINE HABIT speedily cured by Dr. BECK'S only known and Sure Remedy. No

CHARGE for treatment. Call on or address, Dr. J. C. BECK, Cincinnati, O.

## THE FOURTEENTH GRAND ANNUAL FAIR

OF THE

N. C. STATE AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY,

WILL COMMENCE AT RALEIGH,

October 10 and Close October 17, 1874.

\$12,000 IN PREMIUMS.

Finest display of Blooded Stock, Horses, Cattle, Sheep, Hogs, Poultry, &c., ever seen in the South will be at this fair.

Grand Military Display of elegantly uniformed Companies from all parts of the South.

Trials of Speed daily. Machinery will be in operation on the grounds all hours of the day.

Railroad arrangements, both for exhibitors and visitors, the best ever offered.

Send for Premium List.

R. T. FULGHUM, Secretary.

## TAX NOTICE.

LAST CALL FOR TAXES.

IN compliance with the requirements of law, I make a second round for the purpose of collecting the unpaid taxes due. This will be the last call, and I hope delinquent taxpayers will come forward promptly and pay up and save costs.

I will meet the tax-payers at the following times and places:

Crews School House,	Monday,	Sept. 21st
Widow Clarks,	Tuesday,	" 22d
Johns River,	Wednesday,	" 23d
Kernersville,	Thursday,	" 24th
Crim's Roads,	Friday,	" 25th
Hardin Hazlip,	Saturday,	" 26th
Old Town,	Monday,	" 28th
Benj. Hampton's,	Tuesday,	" 29th
Lewisville,	Wednesday,	" 30th
Vienna,	Thursday,	Oct. 1st
Sides,	Friday,	" 2d
Bethania,	Saturday,	" 3rd
Bitting's Store,	Monday,	" 5th
Butner's Hotel, Salem,	Tuesday,	" 6th
Winston, Wednesday and Thursday,	Oct. 7th & 8th.	

JOHN G. HILL, Sheriff's Office, Sept. 6th.

## F. C. CARTLAND,

GENERAL AGENT FOR

THE FLORENCE SEWING MACHINE,

HIGH POINT, N. C.

THIS has been long tested as a first-class and thoroughly reliable Family Sewing Machine, doing heavy as well as the finest of work, is the only one in reach of all who need a first-class

MACHINE.

Clubs of three or more are allowed a still

FURTHER REDUCTION.

which can be ascertained by application at this office.

Orders promptly filled and satisfaction

GUARANTEED.

Liberal arrangements will be made with reliable parties to act as agents.

New Garden, 7th Mo., 28th, 1874.

This is to certify that we have used the Florence Sewing Machine at this institution for about one year. Having previously used several other kinds, we have found none which so fully meets the demand for heavy and light work at the same time running so easily, and, as we take pleasure in recommending the Florence to all who are in need of a reliable Sewing Machine.

ELIZABETH A. COX, Matron New Garden Boarding School, Sept. 17, 1874-38-

## THE BEST IS ALWAYS CHEAPEST

Ellison Creek Nurseries.

SITUATED 2 MILES SOUTH OF LEWISVILLE, FORSYTH COUNTY, AND 5 MILES NORTHWEST OF CLEMMONSVILLE, DAVIDSON COUNTY, N. C.

First established in 1862, by R. L. CRAFT. Named colored and improved, 1870, by R. L. CRAFT and J. F. BUNKLEY, the present proprietors.

We take pleasure in stating to our friends and the public generally, that we have on hand for sale during the fall of 1874 and Spring of 1875, a very fine lot of

FRUIT TREES and GRAPE VINES.

For the accommodation of those who wish to plant trees or vines, and have not the money on hand, we will take Corn, Wheat, Rye, oats or Bacon in exchange for trees at ruling prices.

Great pains have been taken to select only the best and most reliable varieties.

Examine our stock before purchasing elsewhere. For further particulars address

R. L. CRAFT, } Proprietors,  
 J. P. BUNKLEY, }  
 Lewisville, Forsyth Co., N. C.

Sept. 17, 1874-38-3u.

## NEW SHOE STORE.

S. H. & S. A. C. EVERETT.

Corner of Main and New Shallowford Street.

WE have just received a large and well selected stock of

BOOTS AND SHOES,

which we propose to sell very low for CASH. Our stock consists of a splendid assortment of

LADIES', MISSES', CHILDREN'S and INFANTS

GLOVE, FRENCH, CURACOA, KID and SERGE

LACED, BUTTON and CONGRESS BOOTS of latest styles and most elaborate finish

These we have of every variety and quality to suit the fancy and purse of the customers.

We would especially invite the attention of the young gentlemen to our stock of handmade

BOOTS—CONGRESS GAITERS, ALEXIS 4-ES, PRINCE ALBERTS, PRINCE ARTHURS, &c. These we have made to order and of different widths, so that no one need think that they cannot get a fit at the New Shoe Store.

Our commoner grades of shoes are adapted to the wants of all classes of laboring men. Heavy Brogans, Double and Single Sole, Plough Shoes, Alabama Ties, &c., &c.

We cannot enumerate all that we have, but beg that you will all come and examine our stock whether with a view to purchasing or not.

ALL WORK WARRANTED.

R. H. BATTLE, Jr., President.

SEATON GALES, Secretary.

C. B. ROOT, Vice President.

PULASKI COWPER, Supervisor

## NORTH CAROLINA

HOME INSURANCE COMPANY,

RALEIGH, N. C.

INSURES ALL CLASSES OF

INSURABLE PROPERTY,

AGAINST LOSS OR DAMAGE BY FIRE,

On the Most Reasonable Terms.

Losses Promptly Adjusted and Paid.

Encourage Home Institutions.

J. W. BEARD, Agent, at Kernersville, N. C.

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# PATTERSON & CO.,

SALEM, N. C.,

## AHEAD OF ALL COMPETITION.

WE return to all of our customers grateful thanks for a very large Summer and Fall Trade. Our STOCK is now full in all kinds of Merchandise, and prices are more inviting than ever.

Every week brings fresh arrivals of SEASONABLE GOODS, and by the 15th of October we expect to have in store our

# FALL AND WINTER STOCK,

COMPRISING VERY FULL ASSORTMENTS OF

## GENERAL MERCHANDISE.

We invite the attention of all. Every effort will be used to please customers, and articles not in our line will be ordered at once from the most reliable houses in the Northern cities.

## HONESTY, INDUSTRY AND POLITENESS ARE OUR WATCHWORDS.

Wheat, Corn, Oats, Bacon, Flaxseed, Beeswax, Feathers

Taken in Exchange

## HIGHEST MARKET RATES.

Do not dispose of your Produce before giving us a call. Where parties need money, liberal cash advances will be made on desirable produce.

FRIES' GOODS of all kinds kept constantly on hand, at Factory prices.

PATTERSON & CO.

SALEM, N. C., SEPTEMBER 22, 1874.

Sentinel and Republican copy.

## A GRAND GIFT CONCERT

will be given in the City of Greensboro, N. C.,

December 31, 1874,

for the purpose of erecting an

Odd Fellows Temple.

The Grand Gift is the



